

SECRET



INTERNATIONAL

M A

N° 2

SPECIAL
FANTASIES

FETISH PRESS

DOMINANT IDEAS

PAIN, A FANTASY?

TOTAL ENCLOSURE

THE CORRECT SADIST

GIRLS IN BONDAGE
by ROBERT CHOURAQUI

HIGH HEELS
by JACQUES LEURQUIN

LEATHER FING RUBBER



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ENTHUSIASTS!

We must admit to those of you who are submissive slaves, that we are only one of the many fetishist magazines around that might interest you. But we are not complaining. It just shows how wide our interests are. All over Europe new specialized shops, new publications and new parties are joining the existing stars in an exciting fireworks display of talent. We are delighted to be a part of it. Our enthusiasm grows as we delve into the latest editions of *Demonia*, *Skin Two*, *"O"*, *PleasureBound*, and yes even *Serrement Moderne*, and all the other magazines. It is wonderful to see such diversity, catering for every taste.

To the dominant ones, we can say proudly that we are absolutely unique. Our approach to the world of fetishism and domination (pitifully inadequate terms to describe such incredible diversity) has remained unchanged since our very first issue, but we have improved both the depth and quality of detail. This is a deliberate result of our editorial policy which brings together two apparently contrasting elements. We bring you beauty, fashion, photographs, dreams and art, mingling them with actual experiences, fantasies and achievements. What is more normal than **LIVING** the life we want to live, and **LOOKING** the way we feel?

The editorial staff of *Secret Magazine* is a handful of cheerful characters amongst whom it is marvellous to play a wicked part, a Club of Five who disowned Enid Blyton to appeal to de Sade, or a Ribambelle creating traps in her own waste ground for the fun of jumping in afterwards. Not satisfied with transforming our editorial meetings into XXX (censored), we pester each other day and night with calls on matters that seem serious, but there is always an element of fun. Like a fire-brigade, we have an armada of vehicles waiting to rush off whenever a last minute announcement for a party comes through. Yes Mr Inspector, we admit we are **ENTHUSIASTS!** The more you notice us, the happier we are. Besides, the entire stock of our latest issue has disappeared faster than we were able to write it.

So what else are we going to talk about here? Fantasies, of course!

What is a fantasy? Objectively, a fantasy is "any product of the imagination which enables someone to escape from the influence of reality" (Pete Robert, translated). An unfulfilled desire, a scenario that does not dare to emerge from the brain of its author; a shelter for a very private world, out of reach of critics and safe from destruction by all those who do not share it; and perhaps even a source of tranquillity for those who take refuge in it.

Fantasies are not all linked to sex or wishes. They can be subdivided into hundreds of categories, as outlined in our report in issue number 5. The report, entitled "A trip to the land of fantasies", brought an overwhelming response from readers, all of them asking for more, more and more fantasies. So here we are with an issue devoted to your own "Special Fantasies".

We have not tried to create a catalogue, or a collection of fantasies. Instead, we have tried to open a new door into your own erotic imagination. Rather than forcing our way through his door, we have tried to offer something unique, and only for your pleasure.

The doors that open the way into a fantasy have no real existence. They are an enigma. How long does it take for a fantasy to appear in your mind? What stimulus makes it pop into existence? And even more interesting, what awakens it after a long undisturbed sleep?

What are the elements that bring fantasies out into the open? A poem, a tattoo, a confidence whispered in the ear of a close friend, a book carefully left on the coffee table, or a subtle remark launched during a conversation like an invisible bait, ready to be taken by the one fish that is already prepared to be caught?

Know, dear readers, that this editorial is incomplete without you. Indeed, you know the answers to the questions raised above. Together we can find the answers to almost any question. So follow our guide, choose your own path after your visit, and then join us and let off steam at one of our regular parties. You will find all the details in your issue of *Secret Magazine*.

Enjoy your reading ...

Vincent Millrou.



This magazine is a complete translation of our regular quarterly french edition. We have tried to update it as much as possible.



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Round Midnight

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DOMINANT IDEAS

In this report we were thinking of elaborating on the feeling of superiority which characterises Masters and Mistresses, on the game of domination as seen through their eyes, and on the motivation and qualities that lie behind their behaviour. In the course of our reflections, we realised very soon that the Master is dependent on the goodwill of the slave, and that it is often the slave who has the last word. We also make a fundamental distinction between the dominant and the sadist.

If you are one of those egocentric Masters (or Mistresses) who are convinced that only their own psychological power, and not the personality of the submissive one, is the determining factor for the success of a D/S (Domination/Submission) or an SM (SadoMasochistic) relation, then you might already have stopped reading. If we have caught your attention though, you should stay with us.

What are the elements that make the submissive person succeed, paradoxically, in dominating a D/S or SM relation (")?

1. Even when there is a mutual agreement, it is above all the slave who defines the limits of the game, the taboos to respect, the rules to obey.
2. The sacrosanct terms "stop" and "pity", understood all over the world, are at the disposal of the slave.
3. A person who chooses to be in an inferior position confirms and reinforces the dominance of his partner already from the very beginning.

Once these elements are firmly established, it is blind confidence from both sides that guarantees the success of the relationship, and that permits the dominant to fully exploit his talents, to the satisfaction of both parties. Note that an old theory becomes more and more popular in the D/S scene, bringing together quite a number of clichés: it states that the most refined masters, those who inspire the most confidence, are those who have already experienced similar treatment themselves.

One has to be careful not to confuse dominant people with sadists. Sadists are more concerned with their own pleasure than with the pleasure of their slaves, assuming that they stay within the limits of what is supportable. The dominant likes to see his slave at his mercy whereas the sadistic wants to see him suffer: that is exactly the difference between a D/S and a SM relation. But there are also many common aspects and variants of these two main distinctions between dominant-submissive and sadistic-masochistic.

The ability to switch roles, for example, is one of the areas in which these two types of relationship differ considerably.

Since a D/S relation is essentially psychological in character, it is very difficult for a submissive to take on a dominant role without any preparation. It is easier for the dominant to play the part of a submissive, since the dominant has to understand the psychology of the submissive in order to control the situation. For him it is probably just a matter of encountering someone who is stronger or more intelligent than he is.

This contrasts with an SM relationship. The masochist is actually a kind of sadist, as being in love with the concept of "suffering", he will be more skilful in dealing with another masochist. In contrast, a sadist does not necessarily have to understand the pleasure of suffering to be able to make someone suffer. Consequently he will seldom be tempted to become a masochist himself.

A couple in which the two partners have a submissive character will need external assistance to obtain full satisfaction. A couple of masochists on the other hand can very easily bring each other to the heights of rapture.





A sadistic dominant is a possible combination, but the two elements are not necessarily linked. The same applies to someone who is submissive and masochistic at the same time.

It is also interesting to draw diagonal lines: a dominant masochist can exist if he is also a sadist. This is quite a common personality type, but one who does not usually like being dominated. A submissive character with sadistic traits is harder to find. It is better to distrust such people, since they tend to be very depraved.

So then, the dominant, who is he, and where does he come from? We often find that, in private life as well as during a game, the dominant has a lot of self-discipline and concentration. These features will only serve his own goals though, because when he follows someone else's discipline he is already submissive in advance. The personality of the dominant inspires natural respect.

Sometimes we encounter a Master (or Mistress) who compensates for his lack of power in society by his role in the game: he tries to find that strength of character so lacking in daily circumstances, or the dominant position that is otherwise inaccessible (in a similar way, we see that lots of people whose social place would normally be in the upper classes, adopt the attitude of a slave in a D/S relation). In this case, there is a fifty/fifty chance of success. They may be sincere, and play their role so well that we find ourselves in a very motivating relationship. Alternatively they might use their authority as a false front to hide behind. This is clearly not conducive to a long lasting relationship.

One can thus become a dominant after years of experience as a slave. In some cases a desire to experience the dominant role may arise as a reaction against the long term suppression of a person's normal assertive inclinations in their habitual working or social environment. With "real" dominants, that is, those rocks of granite, imperturbable like a ground swell, one often finds opposite forces during their childhood. For example: a parent or another source of domination (in society, religion ...) that first appeared to be indomitable. This presented a challenge,

stimulating an energetic willingness to beat that rival. Having eventually won that fight, the true dominant will centre his life around the doubt that there might still exist a power superior to his own.

Whatever his motivation may be, his power, his discipline and the confidence originating from his attitude will open up an exciting new dimension to the slave... We should never forget that the goal of all these relationships is to reward total immersion in the desired role, with the most exquisite perfection in pleasure.

Ideas of Electra, transcription by Vincent Mikrou.

(*) We know that games, with a well-defined start and finish, are often part of a longer and more conventional relationship. It is to encompass all the possibilities that we talk about a D/S or an SM "relationship" instead of a "game".



Think!

AIDS is not only propagated by means of unprotected sexual relations, but also through blood contact, for example by needles or whips with fresh bloodstains. Think before you act!

© Tony Newitt/La roi de la soirée



© Tony Newitt



TWO FETISHIST NIGHTS IN AMSTERDAM:

The social event compared to SM action

1. Dressed to Thrill, December 21, 1991

As you will already know, if you are a regular reader of Secret Magazine, it all started with a very classy event: 'Dress to Kill', organized by the VSSM, the official organization in Holland for the investigation of sadomasochism, who are also editors of the magazine Kerstok. The organization has split up into two parts. On the one hand there are 'The Kinky Necklaces' who organized a wonderful party in May '91 in Utrecht (Holland). Their announcement of a sequel is impatiently awaited. On the other hand there is 'Dressed to Thrill', continuing the line of its predecessor. Their next party will take place on December 21, under the same name.

At the most recent 'Dressed to Thrill' it was the element 'dressed' that largely prevailed over the element 'thrill'. The music (music? what music? said some) was playing at its minimal level, requiring quite a bit of goodwill to hit the dance floor. The arrangement of the tables prevented easy contacts and the general atmosphere — apart from the obligatory dress code — was rather innocuous. Meanwhile I have the impression to be too harsh in my appreciation, because this soft atmosphere, style informal gathering, was WANTED. So let us stop complaining and rather take the evening for what it actually was. We mingled in the crowd and found quite a number of small and amusing groups, one of them centered around the ever hilarious Steve English (DeMask) and his entourage. Another lively one included colonies from La Haye and Brussels, and as we investigated smaller and darker corners we found guests engaged in a variety of the most feverish activities.



© Tony Newton

There was the traditional sad SM show during which a master gave a short demonstration of the capabilities of his little slave: ropes here, a strap there, and finally, small candles in the dark which were hanging from her breasts. It was most touching to see the charming tears that rolled down the cheeks of this miniature Gwendoline ('that idiot is in a mess again! When will she ever stop being so ingenuous and imprudent? — John Willie). She reserved her bunch of flowers.

Slowly the troops began to move, either dancing or playing. I liked particularly the training of a 'dog', performing acrobatics in the middle of the dance floor, and the kicking of a voluminous behind, which lifted its kneeling owner forward several inches each time. Unfortunately, I missed the — also traditional — announcement of the king and queen of the evening, because I was watching a correction scene in the men's room. One can not be everywhere at the same time.

Finally, the party turned out better than I expected. What I like about 'Dressed to Thrill' is that it is all so well organized that we already know all the important dates for the coming year (see our fetishist calendar). This cannot be said for the parties in the UK, where announcements are only issued at the last minute, to avoid the risk of being stopped. But that's another story...

2. Perve Dance & Play Party, February 8, '92

If 'Dressed to Thrill' is a quarterly social event, conceived as an informal gathering for Amsterdam's fetishist population, the 'Perve Dance & Play Party' is something completely different. This night, the first one is its



© Tony Newton

sort, was organized in the isolated and seedy dock area of Amsterdam (the atmosphere was already there even before the party). It was in fact in the basement of the same warehouse in which that famous VIP party was held, after the DeMask evening (See Secret Magazine nr. 6). The invitations announced "all night music, equipped playroom and surprise act", eight little words whose promises were definitely kept. To begin with, all the guests were very enthusiastic and dressed with a lot of imagination. The event was clearly dominated by action. The dance floor, normally filled up with people, was often being cleared to make room for shows, as pitiless as they were exhilarating, and so attractive (which can not often be said) that they were sometimes interrupted by voluble applause. Two shows I found especially exciting to watch. A very beautiful submissive blonde, whose rounded buttocks showed a magnificent tattoo representing a pair of high heels, was passionately dominated by her Master who alternated spanking, whipping and strokes of the riding crop. During most of her treatment she was blindfolded, and small weights hung from her nipples and sex lips. The other show began with the same kind of dog training as seen at the "Dressed to Thrill" party, but now in front of a new audience. This training, rather psychological in nature and quite humorous, was blown by pure and hard action when a new Mistress took over the same slave. To the rhythm of carefully selected tracks such as "She's the Boss" and "I wanna be your dog", the "unfortunate" slave was being struck with a variety of leather implements, which gave him a really hard time. Finally, the slave was even buggered by his Mistress who was wearing a belt equipped with an enormous artificial penis. We were quite taken aback. But there was more: while the dancers were freaking out closer to the powerful loudspeakers, those with a predilection for the playroom were busy with the cage, pulleys, the execution block and the gynaecological chair. Oddly, the St. Andrews cross was hardly used. At daybreak, a curious kind of communication made the dance floor empty and the playroom fill. Among many activities we could see a Mistress comparing the virtues of different slaves, testing them one after the other. There was a whipping session on a masochist who had to present himself for a medical examination at the army the next day (!). A newcomer was initiated in a ludicrous fashion, and a dominahad her first experience as a slave, having to kneel down on the floor and try to recognize, on the basis of the many boots that surrounded her, the man most capable of spanking, whipping, caressing or tying her up. As the event ended at dawn, the last, tired of dancing, stopped moving and the arms had no more strength to who. Note that the organizers will repeat the event, maybe at another location, maybe under a different name. Assuming that we ourselves will be informed in good time, we will continue to tell you about these marvelous parties. Note that our regular subscribers, amongst the many advantages they enjoy, received the announcement of this party in a letter that accompanied issue number 6. Is it surprising that they were so well represented at the party?

That said, these parties are currently organized with such a tempting theme that most of them are only announced at the very last minute, while it often happens that two events take place on the same day, not to speak of those that are private and are not announced officially. So the trick is, if you're a newcomer in the fetishist world, to go to one of the parties announced in our fetishist calendar. You'll probably find announcements there, or you might hear about another future event, and the snowball will start rolling. Don't expect us to tell you about everything, as this would be utopian and probably indigestible, but we will certainly keep an eye on developments in this scene, subject to permanent mutations. Fetishist activities are still in their infancy, but the rumors are getting interesting... Keep in touch.

Vincent Mikrou

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ROBERT CHOURAQUI



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The superb creatures photographed by Robert Chouaqui continue to intrigue us. Dressed in ropes and bandages, they are gracefully immobilized on shiny paper. The aesthetics imprison them more than the shackles, and looking at these pictures, you seem to experience the profound rapport that exists between the models and the photographer.



© Robert Chouraqui/Mirad

Perhaps you will be so attracted by this idea that you will imagine yourself, prone, imprisoned in the same image and if the desire to be immortalized by Chouraqui torments you, do not hesitate to contact us. We will be glad to forward your letters to him.



PAIN, A FANTASY

It is enough to read the personal advertisements to know who is a submissive, so it took little effort to find an enthusiast to come and talk to us about it. Although his approach may not represent what is traditionally termed erotic slavery, we should bear in mind that there are as many different kinds of experience as there are people.

SM: You have asked to remain anonymous, and to be called Mr. Hyde.

Hyde: Yes, indeed. It's an easy name to remember, and I think your readers will understand what it stands for.

SM: So it means that in your daily life, you are a Dr. Jekyll?

Hyde: You won't notice me in a crowd... The rest is of no importance.

SM: You're a masochist. What does this actually mean?

Hyde: I want to feel pain, or more exactly, my body needs to feel it. I don't think you are knocking at the right door if you're looking for a real masochist. I don't really play the game of submission/domination with very well determined roles, falling on my knees whenever some mistress snaps her fingers and so on. I am very physical.

SM: So you're rather extreme...

Hyde: Exactly. I've known worse than me. I'm not interested in seeing blood flow, or feeling needles under my skin. But it's true that I do scare off quite a number of the so-called dominants who don't dare to go all the way with me. Although I have to admit that I have been very lucky recently: I have had to say "stop" already three times this month. I've got involved with a couple of pitiless Mistresses.

SM: Professional ones?

Hyde: In part, yes, but only in private. I never pay. I want to feel their willingness to hurt me. I don't want to feel like a "client". Can you understand this? Anyway, I am an ideal subject for practice. A game with me can take hours. But it can also be finished very quickly, if the mistress wants to. Recently I was already almost fainting after only 70 strokes of the whip, can you imagine that? Normally that would be nothing, but I was dealing with an expert. I should add that I was already warmed up by three others before...

SM: 70 strokes... do you count them?

Hyde: Always, except when it's impossible. When two of them are punishing me it's too difficult to concentrate. Then it's no longer possible to count. I try to guess by grouping the strokes in tens.

SM: ...really...?

Hyde: Yes! That's a surprise to you, isn't it? There are, nevertheless, many who do so, I mean count. At least that's what I reckon. It always comes as a surprise for

other people, but in fact it helps me to concentrate on something other than the strokes. You know, a doctor explained to me that you can decrease your pain by more than half if you just inhale at the right moment, for example when you receive an injection. The problem with expert spankers is that they use surprise, and then the strokes are far more painful. I have still another trick, but one that demands a permanent state of mind. Imagine that you are making an effort with one particular part of your body, for example when you want to lift a heavy load, or when you are disinfecting an open wound with alcohol. You'll have noticed that most people pull faces in an incredible way. Generally they use far more muscles than are necessary. It is enough to concentrate on all those muscles, and to relax those that aren't needed. This way, the pain doesn't spread over your entire body and you can also resist mentally for a longer time.

***I want to feel the pain,
or more exactly, my
body needs to feel it.***

SM: Do you have a record?

Hyde: Three thousand strokes. But only with a whip, because the riding crop is unbearable when it is used properly. The first time I reached three thousand, tears were steadily rolling over my face near the end of the session. My eyes had become the Niagara Falls. The second time I was exhausted, but I didn't cry. As of today, it has happened to me twice.

SM: Are there different ways to handle the whip?

Hyde: Of course. Everything depends on the instrument, the one who handles it and the resistance of the one who receives it, of course. I've just recently whipped a girl who was able to take the strokes with the same pleasure as I do, and I can assure you that you approach it differently, compared to a slave who chatters his teeth from the moment you brush over his skin.

SM: Wait a minute... you're also dominant?

Hyde: Submissive, dominant, what does it all mean... It's the action that counts. Besides, in SM the only good dominants, especially when it's physical, are those able to endure the same treatment. But let me finish what I was saying. When you're using the whip on someone, you should bear in mind a couple of

rules. Most importantly, never hit the head, the neck or the hands unless the slave authorizes you to do so. Can you imagine yourself visiting a client when you're covered with red stripes that come over the collar of your shirt? You must also take care when you strike the back, so as not to damage the kidneys. And about the way to strike: it is better to soften your movement a little bit, even when you're hitting very viciously. I've known people who pull back the whip before its



© Delvalle

forward movement has terminated, and that is enough to tear your skin apart. Not that I mind the marks, but I would rather not finish up looking like a zebra. One thing I enjoy is going to the bathroom, to look underneath my shirt and admire my stripes before I go back to my table in the restaurant, or to my desk in the office, or to whatever I was doing before. It's my secret garden.

SM: Is the whip a sexual fantasy for you?

Hyde: Not at all. Not for me anyway. There are men who get an erection when they're being beaten up, or even men who want to come, during a session with the whip. I have difficulty in understanding this. It hurts, so why would I get an erection? No, that happens when I'm making love to someone I like, or during bondage. And it really has more to do with pain, with something more than just repeated strokes of the whip, although to be honest, it is enough for me to see a girl seriously suffer, in order to get an erection. So yes, the whip can be a sexual fantasy, but only in this unique sense.

You know, a doctor explained to me that you can decrease your pain by more than half if you just inhale at the right moment,

SM: If your own suffering doesn't bring you anything sexual, what is it that induces you to seek pain?

Hyde: Tricky question. (thinks) I think it is a matter of harmony. I only feel good when I've had a little bit of SM. Not every day of course, but when I've missed it for a longer period of time I don't function as well any more. Furthermore, society always demands competitors and fighters, so it's good to vent your other feelings too. Also in my personal life, I'm never sad. I never cry when somebody dies. I have an optimistic nature. So I try to make up for it in another way. SM is the most divine way to accomplish that. Moreover, it's fun. The adventures I've already lived through!

SM: Tell us!

Hyde: Hold on, we're not going to write down my biography here, are we? I don't know, there is nothing like a bit of imagination in life. Here, one of the nicest things I've experienced recently: there was this marvellous mistress, really one of the best around, who invited me to a restaurant. I agreed, on condition that there were tablecloths. I immediately went to a pet shop to buy a small leash which I attached to my cockring. Once it was secure, I passed the other end of the leash under the table. My mistress found this so entertaining that she continued pulling it so hard that it looked as if she was trying to start an outboard motor. I'm still wondering whether or not the waiter understood what was actually going on. Needless to say, we had a lot of fun.

SM: All this is really not like the image of a typical slave...

Hyde: Fuck the image of a typical slave! When it is already difficult to get accepted the way we are outside our small community, where do we go when we cannot even behave the way we want to when we're among ourselves?

Fuck the image of a typical slave!

SM: Do you have lots of stories like the one you just told us?

Hyde: I'll tell you two more. But they're connected, you'll see. And not only literally. Some time ago, a young man presented himself as a novice, to a group I belonged to at the time. He didn't know yet what direction to take in the SM world, but he was very interested. Perhaps chains, the whip, those kind of things, he said to me. So the others gave me carte blanche, because this was more my speciality than theirs. And this guy, I started to approach him in an entirely different way, and I felt obliged to treat him as I had never treated anyone before: like a dog! But really like a dog! I made him walk on four paws, eat from a bowl, bark, rub against my legs, sit up, go for a walk, in short, the complete show! The guy had a very, very difficult time to accept all that, but he knew he could say stop, and I really made him fight against himself. He went home very quietly, and we haven't seen him since. You know, after he left I got a slap on my back, and our host in the club burst out laughing: my slave owned kennels in real life, and I didn't even know! A similar thing happened to me when I forced someone to work in my garden, only to discover later on that the guy was really a gardenier!

SM: While talking about clubs: will you tell me something about the club that introduced me to you, the Dress Coders?

Hyde: I thought we agreed not to talk about that! It's private. No, it's secret! Haha!

SM: Shall we come back to bondage and other trimmings?

Hyde: We talked about it, didn't we? There are so many things to play with. I like the most professional kind of bondage, with lots of ropes, and very tight. Playing both roles, of course. Solitary imprisonment can also be fun. Three days on bread and water, without any idea of the time! Of course the idea of time is very relative. I spent three days in a specially equipped cellar in a rented house. The owner had rented the house out, except for the cellar which he had equipped for his own use. Anyway, I always knew what time it was, just by hearing trams passing by, elevators that were being used more frequently, etc. Moreover, I had managed to free myself from the chains after a few hours of effort, so I dressed up again and I was reading a book when they came to free me. You should have seen the guy's face... You know, I'm really a wicked fellow in the SM scene, I always have to be provocative, especially when I'm playing the submissive role...

SM: Isn't it a shock to return to the real world?

Hyde: Of course, that's the idea! An SM game is like a bullfight. It was your interview of Claude Alexandre that made me think of this analogy. At the beginning, I enter the arena like a raging bull, more aggressive than the torreador. But if he plays it well, if he does I will help him a little, and he'll get me on my knees as easily as the bull gets killed at the end of the corrida. It's a fight. But when I find someone who's as strong as I am I am in heaven. I can tell you.

© Devalle



in SM the only good dominants, especially when it's physical, are those able to endure the same treatment

SM: Any particular subject to end this interview...

Hyde: Hmm... That Mistress of the 70 strokes that I talked about in the beginning. Well, we've challenged each other: 100 strokes of the whip, on my back only, and only with MY whip, the one I know the best. She's sure that I will have to give in before the 100th stroke. It's true that I don't know anybody as experienced as her, but to be so sure... I find it intriguing. Moreover, since we don't have each other's addresses, I'll have to wait until another international SM meeting. It will be a duel under the sun, instead of in catacombs. I'll be on tenterhooks till then. Really.

SM: Thanks for your collaboration.

Hyde: Don't mention it. A little session with the whip maybe, before we leave?

SM: No thanks, maybe some other time.

Vincent Mikrou

In order to help readers avoid misadventures, we would like to add a little note to the interview with Mr. Hyde. Even if his description of the codes was right, we should add that the word "stop" is not universally accepted in the SM scene. It is even a word which, in many situations, would produce no reaction at all. A large number of professional dominas, in particular, consider it the role of the slave to implore with "pity", instead of commanding with "stop". Whatever it is, never start a game without knowing which words or codes are accepted, so that everybody will be happy.

V.M.



"O" FASHION, FETISH & FANTASIES N°11

Will this magazine become the *Vogue*/*Playboy* of fetish oriented magazines? Peter Czernich, the brain behind "O", is not thinking in national terms any more, nor in terms of one particular language. We have to admit that he sees the big picture, although delusions of grandeur can sometimes be paid for very dearly (remember the cancellation of the last *BALL BIZARRE*). No more frontiers, only regions remain. Determined to make its mark, "O" magazine is already becoming a bi-monthly publication this year, and in 1993 it will be cheaper, monthly and available in every European newspaper kiosk! As usual, the most recent issue is a nice piece of work. I thoroughly enjoyed the article about Japan, while the series of photographs "IN MEMORY OF BETTY PAGE" were breathtaking. "O" magazine is available in the better fetish clothing shops and bookshops. (Boulique Miruit, Starabell O'Dr and the sex shops in Holland). Price: 30DM/120FF.



© Peter Czernich

THE FETISH FACTOR: THE DOMINANT SCENE IN NEW YORK!

Like everywhere else in the world, the fever for fetish parties is rising. While the "Dressing for Pleasure" and "Eccentric Fashion" parties were among the first, with the Skin Two parties those events have taken a new and different road. Rubber Orgy, Nuit Secrète, Dress For Thrill, Kinky Necklaces, Nuit Du Désir, Ball Bizarre and Europerveil are but a few examples of parties that have taken place during the last year. New York, the city of imagination, police movies and living myths has given birth to an organisation under the name of "The Fetish Factor" founded in February '91. After only a couple of parties it became "the best thing that hit the New York scene for years." The parties are attended by more than 300 real fetishists. The atmosphere is hot, the outfits "scandalous" and the scenes intense. A fully equipped playroom is at the disposal of the participants (as I was at the last party in Amsterdam, read our report). A strict dress code is enforced, which means that, in case you didn't know, you cannot enter the party unless you are wearing leather, latex, vinyl, plastic, high heels or some other kind of fetishist costume. The idea is to keep voyeurs out of the parties. This, in turn, makes those who like to dress up in latex etc. feel more relaxed. There is a "fetishist etiquette", also new to us, which prohibits frontal nudity, sex, hard scenes and drugs. This seems like good advice to follow. At these parties you do not have to do anything except have a good time. So if you want to visit New York, write for information about their next party! THE FETISH FACTOR, 702 Greenwich Ave. Room 175, New York NY 10011, USA. Tel. 212/415-6331.



© Eric Kroll/Fetish Factor

HIGH THIGH BOOTS IN LATEX!

The company Outer Planets in the US has come up with a very special procedure for manufacturing custom-made latex thighboots. This is how they make their boots fit so perfectly. They have developed a kit that you can use to make a mould of your own feet. This provides them with a perfect three-dimensional reproduction of your feet. They have a whole range of models, from small riding boots to thighboots with "platform" soles, and a perfect fit is always guaranteed. Clever, isn't it? The shape that you see in the picture is a moulded model, and all other types are also made from a mould. No more <<<termine order >>>, no more gaps, open seams etc. They have a FREE catalogue for interested people. If you are only curious, send \$5. THE OUTER PLANET, P.O. BOX 30723, Stockton, Ca 95213-0723, USA.



© Robert Shiny Ltd



NEWS

HOLLAND: ALGOLAGNY: A non-profit-making association, the VWA (Vereniging Wekgroep Algolagny) organizes meetings in Amsterdam every last Saturday of the month. The focus is on the practise of SM in general. At these meetings, many things are possible, but nothing is compulsory. If you want to know more about it, write to the following address: queling us, VWA, P.O. BOX 155, 4330AD Middelburg, or call 0180-37771. The VWA also has an information package which you can obtain for only 4.5 Fl.

TOM OF FINLAND DIED! We all have seen somewhere the drawings of this famous artist Tom of Finland. Often copied but never equalled, he has left us a formidable and fascinating collection of work. Very renowned and admired in the gay scene, he has also left us with drawings of men dressed in leather or latex. At the age of 71, he died a natural death in Stockholm. Thank you, Tom, I am sure that your drawings will continue to propagate your ideas and convictions.

KERFSTOK ENDANGERED? Rumors heard from generally reliable sources suggest that Kerfstok, the superb magazine of the VSSM may be having some financial difficulties that have resulted in its disappearance from the market. We hope that a rescue operation is possible, because Kerfstok was one of the best SM magazines.

BALL BIZARRE ON VIDEO? Peter Czernich and Wolfgang Eichler have used the costumes and settings of the most recent Ball Bizarre, which had to be canceled as you already know, for the new 'VIDE'O'.

DRESSING FOR PLEASURE Issue number 16 of the English magazine Dressing For Pleasure, specialising in bizarre/fetishist clothing, has not appeared due to a legal problem. Number 17 has come out normally, but with censored pictures.

WILD DESIGNS: The new catalogue of Wild Designs will probably be photographed by our friend Robert Chouraqui. Captivated by the pictures that Chouraqui made for the forthcoming catalogue of Boutique Minuit, Judy Wild has approached him to photograph her own new collection. Announced for September 92.

GUIDE GAY PIED 92/93: The new edition will be published this summer. This is absolutely the best gay guidebook, indispensable if you fit the bill. Its price stays the same at 45FF.



DEMONIA, THE NIRVANA OF THE FETISHPRESS

Demonia, that small magazine about fetishism and domination that was first published a couple of years ago, has grown up and acquired (literally!) a very big format. It makes us blush out of jealousy. You might wonder whether we are being delirious, but no, we are simply astonished. The latest issue of Demonia is in a large size format, entirely full color, with shocking contents and fascinating lay-out! The photographs are marvelous and very well finished! The report and pictures of the "Royal Rubber Orgy", of which we will give you a full account in our next issue, are incredible. There is an interview with the mythical rock doll Debbie Harry, superb pictures of leather fashion, a column called Video Sex which is less fetishist though very exciting, an interview with mistress Sandra, a story, and lots and lots of photographs. Their only big mistake is the cover. It has absolutely nothing to do with the contents. If only they had used the picture we would have chosen to make you dream... Demonia has clearly proven that it is the biggest fetishist magazine. For sale in Belgian libraries and kiosks.



PASSION FASHION FOR TRANSVESTITES

We have just recently received this new catalogue from Canada. Fantasylandproducts, run by Deb Pyke, is very well known by Canadian transvestites. Owner of a shop specially for transvestites, she organizes shows and parties, and now she has launched her own fashion clothing for transvestites. The catalogue, entirely produced by transvestites, houses on stretch and skin. Just like in any other good catalogue you will find jackets, tights, pants, overalls, shoes (up to size 46!), <<< serre-fesse >>>, dresses... You might argue that Canada is a long way away, but the prices and seriousness of their work make it worth writing them a letter. Fantasy Products, 274-8th Street East, Box 682, Owen Sound, Ontario N4K 5R4, Canada. Price: 15\$.

BED, BREAKFAST ET

If you would like to spend a weekend or an entire week locked up in a cage, or an afternoon suspended by an iron mask, then you should visit WESTWARD BOUND where all of this is possible. It is a typical house dating from 1920-1930 situated in South West England, and at the same time an exclusive hotel for adepts of the Sub-Dom scene. It offers comfortable accommodation for couples (just like any other good hotel), except that the cellar is entirely fitted out with ultra-sophisticated equipment: suspended cages, handcuffs in wrought iron, etc. In the main room you will find a special bed for slaves, "Thomas The Tank Engine", as well as a bubble bath for two. This is not a hotel to make new acquaintances! For more information write with a reply coupon to: WESTWARD BOUND, c/o 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX or call: 0568-776907.

BONDAGE



TOM'S STATUETTES



The designer TOM, who acquired an enormous reputation in the world of latex, has created a series of statuettes, entirely hand-painted and with an impeccable finish. The faces and make-up are just lovely. At the time of writing, three models are available. They are mounted on a massive marble plinth and signed by TOM. Their price: 1200 DM (approximately 24,000 FF). The fetishist art at the onset of a new era?

NEWS

STIMULATING NOSTALGIA! Pin-Ups, and the glamour of the years 1900 through 1970 rediscovered! Yesterday's Paper is a company specialising in original and erotic magazines, books, etc. Send £2.5 for a 42 page catalogue. Yesterday's Paper, Ivybank, 122 Uppate, Lincolnshire LN11 9HG, UK. Don't forget to say that you got the address from SECRET MAGAZINE!

HIGHHEELS. This new movie of Pedro Almodóvar, writer and film maker, is once again a masterpiece. Provocative and playful, this movie has a transvestite working as an examining magistrate... Don't just read the story, go and see it for yourself!

This column does not contain any hidden publicity. The address, prices and brands mentioned on this page are given purely to inform readers as best we can.

Publicity campaign for Kik's in Germany and Switzerland. Surprising posters sized 8 by 5 meters! We in the editorial staff lived it very much. What do you think?



NEWS

TRANSVESTITE WEEKEND IN AMSTERDAM At the beginning of the summer the magazine *Repartee* organized a weekend in Amsterdam with shopping, museum visits, meetings with other groups of TV's, disco nights. Those interested in future weekends can contact Martine (0742) 342870 or write to Rose's, P.O. Box 839, Sheffield S1 3SX, UK.

GLITTERING IMAGES CATALOGUE 1992 The new catalogue containing the complete collection of the famous editor Stefano Piselli is out. Write to them for more information. GLITTERING IMAGES, Via Ardengo Soffici 1/12, 50142 Firenze, Italy. Tel: 055/7330300.

LES FOLIES DE SADE A new boutique selling sexy lingerie and some vinyl accessories opened its doors a couple of months ago. The reception is friendly and the interior neat. A selling point for *SECRET MAGAZINE*. Pass on our regards when you visit. Les Folies de Sade, 28b Galerie Poccadilly, 1000 Brussels.



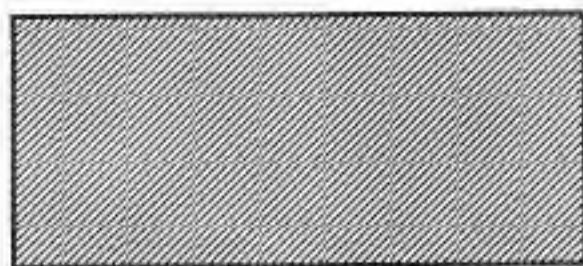
LOCO

The manufacturers of Loco are opening their own fetish clothing shop in the centre of London, near Poccadilly. They are in association with Pagan Metal and Veldi Louder (the maker of the cover of our first "Best of Secret", also a fetish clothing designer). You can see their complete collections, including dresses, jackets and swimsuits in hand-painted latex, and their most recent collections shown at the best international fashion shows. Their designs are of an exceptional quality and reflect their most extravagant ideas. Thanks to them and a few other manufacturers, latex and rubber clothes are finally showing that their use need not be limited to sexy underwear and aquatic fun. Time has come for latex to claim its place next to other materials such as silk and leather. Your next visit to London should take you to this shop. If you want to see some of their designs, write enclosing £10, for their most recent catalogue, LOCO, Unit Twelve, The West Side Basement, The Trocadero, Poccadilly, London W1, UK. Open from Monday to Saturday, from 11am to 10pm.

RUBBER SHOP!

BOOT FANTASIES AND FETISHES

Some of our readers are fetishists of high boots, in particular those with high heels. The manufacturing of this style of footwear often takes place in small workshops that are difficult to find. Often, the fetishist has to search for years to find boots that fit. Established for ten years already, Boutique MINUIT offers you thigh boots, both in lacquered black and in leather, and shoes with high heels (13, 15 and 17 cm) at very reasonable prices (shoes starting at 3850 FB/ 650 FF and thigh boots starting at 10.000 FB/ 1.800 FF). In order to inform you about their collection they have published a new catalogue in full color from which we can show you here, exclusively, some fragments. Boutique MINUIT, 65 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Price: 150FB/30FF.



ADVISE TO THE FETISHIST POPULATION

Dear readers, we are preparing a special issue for you, on COMIC STRIPS. Due to the abundance of material already accumulated, we might have to split it over two consecutive special issues of Secret Magazine. Are you a fetishist in two dimensions? Do you have comic strip fantasies? Will you tell us about them? Can you draw them for us? Do you have suggestions, or questions? Fire away, or write us with mail, we have enlarged our letter-box! If you prefer to discuss it in person, or if there is simply too much to communicate in a letter, we will be happy to receive your telephone number.

Later this year, we will also have a special issue on BONDAGE. Again, we would welcome your contributions. We are interested in your advice, your experiences, your (mis)adventures, and above all, in your private photographs. If you dare to, send them with a small note authorizing us to publish them. If you want a small black rectangle to cover your eyes, like we do in our photographic reports, don't forget to mention it either. And don't waste precious time. Every lost day diminishes your chances of publication.

Any of your contributions, questions and remarks on one of the following topics are also welcome: PIERCING, TATTOOS, and FETISHISM & DOMINATION IN MOVIES.

Jacques Leurquin



JACQUES LEURQUIN

During 10 years, Jacques Leurquin has often had the opportunity to work behind his lens in order to photograph the most exciting women, wrapped up in the most tightly fitting materials. *Secret Magazine* has always been an enthusiastic supporter, regularly publishing his pictures. The photographer now reveals his work to a less specialized audience, thanks to the wider circulation of his book "*Les Fantasmagoriques*", a wonderful summary of this first decade of his work in black and white.

So as not to repeat the pictures, we have chosen to celebrate the availability of this book with a series of unpublished photographs! You will of course also find the enigmatic blonde that figures in this portfolio in "*Les Fantasmagoriques*", in the company of other fantastic models of our friend Jacques.

To get this magnificent album, send 500 FB/10\$ to *Secret Magazine*, and we will take care of the rest.

You might also like a signed copy, which can be obtained if you write direct to the following address:

Jacques Leurquin, B.P. 184, 5000 Namur 1, Belgium. (Price 2000BF/350\$)















THE CORRECT SADIST

It is a work that is hard to classify, unique and fascinating. Its author, Terrence Sellers, has been a professional domina in New York, under the pseudonym of Angel Stern, but she doesn't resemble her colleagues at all in the approach she takes towards these kind of activities.

To go back briefly to the literary foundations of sadomasochistic games, one should note that Sade and Masoch take two different approaches to the pleasure paradoxically provoked by pain and humiliation. And the difference is not only related to the fact that the first author has become the reference for the dominant, and the second one for the dominated. Although they both talk about morality, the vision of Sade is political, while Masoch's vision is more aesthetic. Between the dominant and the dominated Sade sees a difference in power, dictated by social origin, function or intelligence. Masoch establishes some sort of civil contract in which, at least in theory, both partners initially have the same rights.



Every game evoked in *Secret Magazine* is of the second kind. They are games: there is a rule that is being obeyed, this rule attributes roles to the players, and the protagonists identify themselves with these roles, one with more conviction than the other.

Terrence Sellers, when she takes the image and the function of the domina Angel Stern, plays this game perfectly, but her way of playing makes it more than just simply around game, it is truly a piece of theater closer to Antonin Artaud than to a vaudeville set. ... Being an exceptionally gifted child, solitary and dreamy, she was already attracted very early on by mysticism. This is how she first discovered Sade:

The terms of my exile became more clear as my lonely and miserable adolescence passed. I asked myself with a debilitating frequency how long I would have to stay out in the dark, excluded from the state of grace. The power of the confessional offered me false confidence: there was nobody to trust. [...] I needed a more powerful exorcist to relieve me from the withering uniqueness that I found so heavy. I had to assume the status of a stranger, and a passionate manner; under its cold and triumphant form, my moral sense ceased to function. Since I had become increasingly inhuman, my family threw me out as soon as I was old enough. A naive and arrogant confidence in my intellectual ability convinced me that this was convenient, because whatever I wanted, I could get just by willpower. I rapidly discovered that these intellectual virtues were just varnish for the eyes of outsiders.

The degrading work that I was obliged to accept wasn't the worst thing: it was rather the fact that this was the best the world could offer me that made it seem to be a personal insult. My enthroning in the company of the elect was still many years off. I felt this and pretended a tragic air. What I earned I used to support the beast: food, lodging and nothing else. [...] Under the influence of frugal meals, the cheap clothes I found, the neglected apartment I hid in, my nervous energy diminished. I was soon convinced that the spiritual food I was starving for was actually associated with the symbols of luxury. I was not consoled by the thought that the hermits had endured worse. In reality, my temperament was sensual, secular and fierce. Poverty was a denial of my power, and obscured the nobility which represented my true destiny. [...] My literature on magical rituals, stories of young empires conquered with blood and poems of Baudelaire, sick in his head, made me begin to realise that it was not enough to sit back and wait for the crown to come down from heaven. I had to steal it back from those who had taken it from me. Under the influence of this moral argument I struggled, breath-takingly irritated, frustrated and intoxicated by my absolute ignorance of how to do it.

It was in this unstable and dissatisfied state of mind that I began reading a very evil-minded writer. Without ever losing strength, he had demonstrated his unrivaled virtuosity in the use of power. Being born as an aristocrat, he wasn't satisfied with his former lofty status: his temperament induced him to develop the art of manipulation even more. This philosophy sounded a deep knell that resonated within me: it set me free, and condemned me to destroy everything that had been sacred to me, without any moral turning back. Its influence didn't weaken for several months: my daily work consisted of obeying this demand to surpass myself. This stimulated me to develop my courage until it became absolute, and I understood that the secret was to attack.





El C. A. M. Fashion: L.A.





THE KINKY CROWD IN BRITAIN

Where is the kinky scene to be found in Britain? Some claim that it all started there. The annual Rubber Ball in London in the 60s was the precursor of many of the colourful fetish costume events now held all over Europe. The Rubber Ball is no more as the police decided that men and women who dressed up "like that" must be on drugs at the very least. It was banned.

Yet the kinky scene is very big and growing. There are now many clubs in London that hold "fetish parties" and the number of shops selling fetish gear has more than trebled in the last two years.

At the front edge is G&M Fashions who publish a range of magazines, books and videos with titles like "Rubber Riding" and who circulate catalogues of kinky fashions: "Shiny International Housewife Special", "Dressing For Pleasure", "Rubberist" and now the new "Leather Obsession" are only a view of the magazines they propose you.

Reading these magazines you get an insight into both men and women getting a lot of rectic sexual fun. For a high proportion of the pictures are supplied by the readers themselves.

Enter with Trumpets by Helen Henley is a 265 page illustrated book and costs only £8 (add £1 for overseas postage), or even better, write to them for a free list of their exciting rubber videos, their magazines, catalogues and other publications. G & M Fashions, P.O. BOX 42, Romford, Essex RM4 1QT, England.



PREFACE

The secret and paradoxical universe that makes up the fetishism that we all live and love, or at least most of us, deserves by way of an introduction, that we linger a while over its definition, one that is surprisingly and profoundly similar to that of the senses.

Every good dictionary will describe fetishism as an exaggerated or unrestrained attachment of sexual interest to a particular object, usually inanimate, and one that ordinarily has no particular erotic significance. It drives the fetishist to obtain sexual satisfaction through contact with, or the sight of the fetish object. It may also be described as a sexual perversion (we will come back to this later) - SIC (from Petit Robert & Chambers Dictionary) -

On the other hand, definitions of sense include "the faculty to EXPERIENCE THE IMPRESSIONS OF MATERIAL OBJECTS" (sic) (translated from Petit Robert) and "a discerning feeling for things of some particular kind" (sic) (Chambers English Dictionary)

It is impossible then to deny an obvious correlation between FETISHISM AND THE SENSES. Every fetishist of the adorable materials that absorb us, more in particular skai, vinyl, latex or leather, will be irresistibly attracted to the sight of them, troubled by their crumpling, exalted by their smell, intoxicated by their touch, indeed even enticed by their taste... All senses stimulated, the unfulfilled idolater will try to resolve the frustration of his libido by enjoying, inevitably and with delight, every stage of a fabulous individual fantasy trip. Obsessed with its irresistible allure, a prey to the throbbing feverishness of his sensual needs, tempted, captivated, provoked and finally liberated from the waiting room, he will be able to feel, to brush, to skim, to touch, to caress, to lick the object, thing or clothes so long and often already desired within his marvellous and mysterious secret garden...

Above, in a couple or in a group, the fetishist will literally, through an unconsciously precise or even consciously improvised ritual, celebrate a veritable symbiotic consecration of all his senses up to attaining, slowly and with refinement, the orgasmic culmination of his sexual enjoyment.

FETISHISM is a secret art form, subtle and delicate. Consequently, the following question imposes itself. How can one still classify as a perversion the intense awaking and regular use of that which creation has equipped us with, i.e. the senses?

Answers, scathing in their perspicacity, have been given to us by the most renowned psychologists and psychoanalysts.

ALFRED BINET, a French psychologist, captured the attention of specialists on EROTIC FETISHISM in 1887. More importantly, he has described this particularly with a term that relates it in an irreversible way to one of the most ancient and instructive religious practices...

SIGMUND FREUD, probably the most eminent psychoanalyst ever, wrote in 1905 in his "THREE ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF SEXUALITY" the following about FETISHISM: "No other sexual variation at the limit of pathology is more interesting than this one." Intensely interested by FETISHISM and the role it plays in every sexual life, Freud still declared: "a certain degree of fetishism is regularly found in normal love, especially during the amorous period, when the sexual goal seems unreachable, or is indeed impossible." (Three essays...)

Finally, Jacques Lacan, French doctor and director of an important school of psychoanalysis, stated the following in one of his treatises: "I LOVE YOU BECAUSE, INEXPLICABLY, I LOVE SOMETHING INSIDE OF YOU, THE OBJECT 'A'."

I will finish here, leaving you to meditate on a final definition taken from the psychological and psychiatric dictionary, i.e. the definition of "sexual pervert": "These are people who exercise their sexuality in a quite singular way, although they have never KNOWINGLY wanted or decided to do so..."

Transforming into anathema by knowingly plunging entirely into the demonic black of the skai mirror, sparkling in my fantasies...

©J. BLACKSKAI

FETISHIST

**SKAÏ / VINYL: "Fétishisme incurable de vinyle noir,
idolâtre insatiable du bizarre ...
Adorateur du skaï et du plastique,
transfigurateur de rêves érotiques ...
Vénérateur irrésistible et raffiné en quête
de regarder, d'effleurer, de frôler,
de humer, de toucher ..."**

(Excerpt from the hymn on fetishism by Irina J., copyright)

The early sixties... Revolution of synthetic tissues...
Tissues evoking fantasies of Barbarella, chemical
textiles already very rapidly transformed into plas-
tic tightly fitting clothes or just simply into imperme-
able vinyl gleaming in the rain, inundated the mar-
ket. I was only fifteen years old. "SERGEANT
PEPPER" wasn't born yet, but the STONES al-
ready had their "SATISFACTION" ... and so did I!

In the streets, in the pubs, in the schools, every-
where my attention was drawn to this variety of
shiny clothes. Very much in fashion, they found
many young admirers. Long or short, black or
multicolored, male or female models, they shone
brilliantly, the plastic material rippling, moulded by
its movement. In a curious way it brought my adol-
escent visual field to life, appearing and disappear-
ing ... to the point that I became eager to see them
again, and even look for them! It was a strange
game that was rapidly becoming an obsession, but
why? A prey to some sort of insatiation, I continued
this exciting, agitating and exhausting form of hide-
and-seek. I had reached the point when I wanted to
touch one! It was too much, I wanted to have one!
Feverishly, I purchased my OWN BLACK MACK-
INTOSH. This otherwise ordinary piece of clothing
made me feel the most intense joy, and other
emotions. Always within reach, I was able to look at
it as long and as often as I wanted to, to touch, to
wear, to feel, to caress and to fully discover it!
Terribly confused, I perceived that this black, bril-
liant, rippling, slightly cold and almost demonic
material was provoking me. It inspired in me an
exacerbated desire. I could not wait any longer.
Irresistibly, I seized it and caressed myself with it ...
the pleasure that it gave me was EXTREME. Com-
pletely open over my body, the black mackintosh
brushed my skin with a certain enjoyment. My
senses exhilarated. I engaged in a slightly diabolic
ritual. The backward and forward motion of the
material coupled with the sound of its crumpling
promptly took me to the nirvana of an orgasm. This
action repeated itself countless times and the
OBJECT became a FETISH. My discovery was
transformed into TOTAL FETISHISM. The years
went by, and the shiny black garment was replaced
by a more complete fetishist outfit, mostly made
from skaï and vinyl. The introduction of Fetishism
into a relationship took some elaborate prepara-
tions, but those amorous games, cocooned in a

skaï universe, were marvelously powerful. O
goddess of black vinyl, offered to our fantasies in
your outfit of a satanic mistress...

The recent big comeback of skaï and vinyl, worn
by the superstars and top models and appearing
on the covers of the best known fashion maga-
zines, fills me with joy, and constitutes a real trend
towards a full and invincible accord with our
FETISHIST prose.

Glorified by MADONNA, Jean-Paul GAULTIER,
Thierry MUGLER, Tina TURNER, Billy IDOL ... as
well as, already since 1969, by those illustrious
precursors such as PACO RABANNE and PI-
ERRE CARDIN, the MYTH of the divine material
still remains SEALED.

As a convinced animist, I cringe and venerate the
FETISHISM that, like original sin, has and will
continue to haunt, fascinate and delight MY VERY
EXISTENCE.

© J. BLACKSKAÏ
février 1992

"la vision plastifiée de sa jupe en skaï exacer-
bait le léishisme qui me tenaile ..."

Surmontant très courtoisement de son vinyle noir
la cime assortie des cuissardes vernies, la
matière infernale et brillante excitait mon re-
gard ..."

(Extrait des FANTASMATIQUES de JACQUES
LEURGUIN © IRINA J.)

TOTAL ENCLOSURE

Total enclosure means that a person is completely enveloped in a particular material, often rubber, from head to foot. The costumes and combinations often display a lot of imagination. Follow me through this fascinating and bizarre world.



practically impossible to put on alone. Once completely dressed, the person relaxes and listens to his own breathing, carried along by his fantasies in the complete freedom of his isolation. Being cut off from all his senses, often weightless, the person sometimes passes a considerable amount of time in his combination, often enjoying some kind of exciting meditation. Finding a place to experience this form of fetishism is often the biggest problem. For couples it is a lot easier, because they can organize a total enclosure weekend. Since the combinations, masks and all other costumes form part of a rather special collection of clothes, it is clear that a secret place is best suited. The fetishists of total enclosure who are solo often wait until late in the evening before dressing, to avoid being surprised by unannounced visitors. They prepare themselves calmly, and often spend the night in a bed with rubber sheets, enveloped in their costume and gas-mask. Some important practical details: an alarm clock, a pair of scissors and a glass of water (a session with a gas-mask is thirsty work).

BREATHING

The adjustment of the mask and the insertion of breathing tubes (optional) is usually done by a close friend. Often, this friend is actually playing the dominant role, controlling the breathing with rubber valves that are specially designed into the rubber masks. The manufacturers often hold a degree in pharmaceutical sciences or have a para-medical

THE ATOMIC AGE

This phenomenon has already existed for quite some time. During the fifties and sixties, there were already a number of magazine reports about this kind of fetishism. Many of them showed pictures of people wearing large fishing boots and impermeable raincoats with hats, often fitted with masks, sometimes even gas-masks. The clothes had to be complete and cover the entire body. The magazine *Atomege* (the "Atomic Age"), was definitely avant-garde at the time. The post-war psychosis and the atomic age, fictional films and the nuclear threat made sure that during that period, some people were being attracted by the "atomic" look and by the fact of breathing through gas-masks.

THE PREPARATION

People who engage in total enclosure often prepare things well in advance. Some even reserve an entire day to plan even the tiniest detail. The mask, the slip, the stockings, the dress or trousers, the hood and, most importantly, the place. Don't forget that the game of total enclosure is usually played with two people present. Some combinations are



profession. Obviously the masks must be of an exceptionally high quality for the user to run no risks at all. It is the fetishist who wants the experience of partial asphyxiation who is running most of the risks. During his meditation he loses his concentration and his sense of time. To be partially deprived of air is already exciting him before he begins. Obviously this is a game that should only be played with someone who is serious and competent. The costume should be designed so that free breathing can easily and quickly be restored if any problem arises.



© Rubberts/Shamy Ltd.

Often, the fetishist who is playing on his own equips himself with a pair of scissors, or a small knife that can be used if things get dangerous. If a second person is watching and controlling the situation, a signal should be agreed beforehand that can be used in case of any serious problem.

INFLATABLE COSTUMES

Total enclosure is also practiced with an inflatable costume, often covering the entire body except for the head and the hands. Air is pumped into the costume through a valve, either from an oxygen cylinder or using a manual pump. Here, again, the help of a second person can be very welcome. The costume is then completed with gloves, boots and a mask, which can also be inflatable, or not. The variations in fetishism depend on the mood and the imagination. Inflatable masks are, given their thickness, often equipped with breathing ducts and have no openings for the eyes, to disorient and destroy the awareness of time. For the fetishist, darkness adds another dimension. He will not be disturbed by the presence of other people. One should never combine bondage with total enclosure. Untying the ropes would take too much time, given that it can take only one minute to achieve a severe stage of asphyxia. Another variant of inflatable total enclosure is the sauna bag, or an inflatable balloon in which the person

is completely enclosed in rubber. This is like a kind of rubber sleeping bag with a mask. The fetishist is often naked and can move around inside the inflated bag. The sensations are powerful, because you live in your own little world. For a couple of hours you are isolated and excited only by your own imagination and fantasies. The sleeping bag can also be used in bondage, since the person inside cannot move his arms or legs. The most extreme form of total enclosure is probably the one like an inflatable hammock, equipped with a mask and breathing tubes and suspended by the feet by means of rings. The fetishist is then completely isolated from the real world. A Swiss reader told us that he practiced this suspended form of total enclosure, with his gas-mask filled with poppers. Another adept made his costume rotate around his own axis. Powerful sensations are guaranteed! If you have questions or photographs, if you're looking for manufacturers or if you have had similar experiences as the ones described above, don't hesitate to contact us.

Kurt Bond
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When we started this column in our previous issue, we could not help asking ourselves whether or not we would always find a jewel of a story comparable to our first selection, "I Am Everything" by France Désirée, in our mail box. It turned out that we had too little confidence in our readers. They should pillow us, and bombard us with tomatoes as rotten as possible. Indeed, the following letter arrived from Lile, demonstrating a powerful imagination, and fitting like a glove into our special issue on fantasies.

I will probably have to wait for the publication of the issue of Secret Magazine that you are holding in your hands right now, before I can ask myself the following question: why are these two first stories written by masochistic women, when the criteria for publication are the quality of the imagination and the richness of their descriptions? Is their imagination that much more powerful than others, or is it just a coincidence that will be straightened out when we publish the next story? The thing that frustrates me the most when I browse through your wonderful letters, is the frequent omission of addresses, or even a Post Office box number. Often we would like to ask you more about your letter, to know what is tormenting you, and to see your answers described with the same talent as you used to write the letter that is currently lying on my desk, that I read and re-read... Curiously, we have your addresses anyway, as regular subscribers of Secret Magazine. But perhaps you are right. A little hesitation is just what we should expect from an SM enthusiast! Still, you can trust us not to make any improper use of your address, so please, talk to us...

Enough of that chattering. To the pillory with those who deserve it and of course, Béatrice. As for her, we shall jostle her, disdain her, ridicule her, humiliate her, insult her, shout her down, hoot at her, boo her, stone her and finally, as a supreme punishment, let us hold her up to public obloquy.

Vincent Mikrou.

AT THE PILLORY!

My master buys Secret Magazine and we enjoy reading it. I liked the journey to the land of fantasies very much. This is why I want to tell you about my favourite dreams.

I will present myself first. My name is Béatrice, I am 28, tall, with long blonde hair, an athletic body with nice breasts, and a rather yuppie style.

I have lots of fantasies, not always the same ones, but the one that has the most effect on me is to be put in a pillory, a punishment that was once very popular. I imagine myself exposed on a public spot, at the mercy of mocking passers-by. I am for example a common adulteress, in the pillory in the central square of a small village, on a Sunday morning. I am only partly dressed, wearing stockings, suspenders and a bra, but no panties, and immobilised with my legs wide open. The pillory is high-tech and turns around slowly, so the spectators can examine me from every angle. Beside the pillory is a notice, detailing my depravities together with compromising pictures. All the elders of the village come to see me, accompanied by their wives, which humiliates me even more. My heart beats very rapidly, and I have shivers in my tummy.

On another occasion, I am in the central square of a village on the day of the weekly market. This is different. I am an obscene and vulgar looking whore, with a spotty face and a foolish appearance. I behave very indecently and I am forced to put some sort of bit between my teeth, which makes me salivate. I wear a tight fitting, ultra-short dress, laddered black stockings, and no shoes. I have been put on public view for soliciting, fastened to a stake with my arms pulled back behind me, and this has made my breasts come out of my dress. The spectators are laughing at me.

I also dream of myself at 16 years old, as a boarder in a very strict private boarding school. I have been found guilty of having an amatory dalliance with another girl. We are fastened to the same pillory still dressed in our uniforms, that is, a pleated skirt and socks. Our pillory is located in front of the school, and the passers-by point at us. In just a couple of minutes, the school will be over and all the other pupils will pass by as well. I pretend to be ashamed of myself, but really I am a little hypocrite. I feel thoroughly wicked, and I am soaking wet between my legs.

I enjoy imagining myself in these dreams, especially because I have already been put in the pillory twice. I have a good master who takes a lot of care over my happiness. Once he took me to an SM evening and fastened me to a pillory, exposing me and offering my body. There were a lot of people present and I was looked at, touched and licked. One woman sucked my nipples, and I was caressed all over. Afterwards I realised that I was in a terrible state of excitement. I asked my master to whip me and bugger me. I hope I can enjoy the same thing again very soon. In the meanwhile I just dream and imagine, and it feels great.

Béatrice.

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PHOTOFANTASIES

My model and I have already worked for more than an hour on the production of a new series of fetishist pictures, in my photographic studio, specially set up for this purpose.

The small room, very intimate for the circumstances, was recently redecorated, and it seems to put in the warm and softened atmosphere. The imitation stone wall patterned wallpaper offers subtle tones of gray and black, with strangely scattered spots of bluish light. The principal element of our new setting was a backdrop consisting of a long section of black vinyl, with the shiny material unrolled from the ceiling to the floor. Surrounded by pre-positioned umbrella flash guns and all the other photographic equipment we needed, the girl, dressed very excitingly in tightly fitting black skai, moved perfectly among the silvery pillows and other accessories.

She did a very good job, and quite naturally she adopted the most suggestive poses. Sometimes she posed on the high heels of her polished thigh boots, provocatively swaying her hips. Sometimes she sat down with her legs widely parted to expose her vagina, imprisoned by a small lacquered slip and enclosed by suspenders and an ultra short skirt in black skai. Later on, she was on her knees before the wide-angle lens, offering her fleshy breasts with naked nipples that pointed impudently through the gaps in her lacquered bra.

She stretched herself lasciviously on the ground, very excited by the creative atmosphere and especially her own role, and brushed her long hair into an abundant crop. While leaning on a small plastic cushion she spread her long legs again, very wide this time, while they were gently supported by the painted darts of her high heels. The expression on her face was feline. I continued taking pictures.

"Is this all right?" she asked me.

"Continue that way, it's superb!" (replied, while I rearmed the shutter of my 6x6. "Attention! ... your eyes, more aggression! ... there you go ... don't move! ... it's o.k. ...") "Now your mouth ... open your lips ... yes, that's it! ... a little bit more ... more ... o.k. ... good, wet your lips with your tongue! ... very nice ... o.k.!"

Talented, docile and a consummate actress, she conscientiously executed my directions.

"Good, now you're going to change position! ... yes ... more ... all right ... caress yourself gently ... yes! as if you were wanting to ... go for it!"

She obeyed immediately. One would think that she was only waiting to do so. She modified her pose again and turned into a kneeling position, one hand against the wall. With the other hand, covered by a glove in black skai, she brushed the entire gleaming surface of her lacquered slip. Her skirt, which was now pulled up very high, fell in folds on her curved back, making small reflections. It separated her rounded bottom very nicely, from her firm and appetizing skin. I finished my sixth film. While I was watching her, the girl began to enjoy her caressing and started to wobble. Slightly confused, I was very well aware that her breathing was getting faster, while I put a new film in my camera.

"I'm getting wet," she said. "I want to ... I want to make love ..."

At the same moment she lowered her slip over her high boots and her

body started to wriggle as she shamelessly manipulated her exposed pussy with her varnished gloves. She leaned forward, her waist supported, her head down to the ground, her legs wide open to present me with her gaping vagina, already dripping wet with pleasure. She was rubbing her clitoris, breathing very irregularly. This provocative game was quickly becoming an obsession, and my excitement was becoming difficult to control.

"Come and lick my pussy!" she begged me, meanwhile continuing to masturbate.

Irresistibly, I went for it and with my penis in erection, I started to suck the dripping lips of her luxuriously odiferous vagina. I then forced my tongue into her vulva, performing a forward and backward motion. I was gently billing the little pink button of her clitoris when she suddenly screamed with pleasure. This strident yell awoke us from the oppressive atmosphere in the little studio.

Gasping for breath, she immediately sat straight and turned towards me, rocking on her knees while she unzipped my leather trousers. Feverishly she freed my erect penis and put it into her soft moist mouth. She sucked it languorously in up to the hilt, and my senses exploded.

Holding back my ejaculation, and wanting to prolong our pleasure, I carefully disengaged myself from her divine prison and asked her to undress me. She immediately started to do so, after which she lasciviously rolled on top of my naked and exhilarated body. Her own body, also very excited, was continuously jiggling up and down, causing the light patterns to move prettily over her shiny black skai. The continuous, exciting and comfortable caress of the shiny material, smooth and slightly cold, contrasted perversely with the warm flesh of my hard cock. Ecstasy suddenly flooded me as the girl started to move more rapidly in response to her own excitement.

While I greedily sucked her hardened nipples, the accelerated rhythm of her movements was accompanied by the provocative sensation of my penis rubbing against the lacquered material of her skirt. I was getting close to the climax of fetishism. I was, in fact, an enormous fetishist of black skai.

Also drunk with pleasure, she begged me to penetrate her. "Come on! ... now! ... FUCK ME!" she ordered me, seriously out of breath.

I immediately took her and plunged my penis as deep as I could into her cunt. I felt her moistened vagina enclosing my glans like a vice. My now enormous dick was hammering her pussy without any pity. Our tucking went on and on. She almost fainted in another orgasm. I could not stand the intense delight that was taking control of my body, and exploded in a wild orgasm. My sperm spurted out, warmly scattering over our entwined bodies.

We stayed a while entwined in our love embrace, but then she pulled back slowly, bringing an immense sensation of well-being. She stood up and stretched, looked me in the eyes and whispered: "Impeccable! ... impeccable, photographer! ... impeccable, your series of shots." Learning on my elbows, I automatically fixed my eyes between her legs and watched the sperm dripping from her freshly sprayed pussy. The drops gathered slowly, forming a thin line that snaked down over the black varnish of her thigh boots.

A nice composition in black and white, I would say.

J. Blackskai

BOOKS

A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN by Delectus Books. Once upon a time in 1924 there was a mistress and a school. It sounds like a fairy tale, the story of this "Guide" found in the collection of the late Sir Charles Skilton. Written in 1924, the books were seized and burned after a sensational trial! The new edition takes as its title "A Flagellation Cookbook". The philosophy, the equipment and the techniques are authentic and will allow you to discipline your male slaves. Everything is explained including different kinds of corporal punishment, various whips and positions for flagellation. Indispensable and available by mail order from DELECTUS BOOKS, 27 old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX, UK. Tel: 081/963.0979 or at Boutique MINUIT in Brussels. Price: £21.50 (postage included). ****

THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM by Marquis de Sade, freely adapted by Nick Hedges: in collaboration with Paul Woods from Creation Press, Michael Goss from DELECTUS BOOKS has just finished printing the script based on the work accomplished by de Sade. The 120 days tells us the story of four debauched libertines. Locked up in an old castle a duke, a bishop, a banker and a judge engage in an orgy which lasts for four months. Four hookers are recruited with whom our four characters live through bizarre sexual scenes and extraordinary fantasies. Nick Hedges combines the heavy punch with elements of Japanese scenes. The book is written like a script, I would say, for fanatics of de Sade. Available at DELECTUS BOOKS, 27 old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX, UK. Tel: 081/963.0979. Price: £8. **

THE KAMA SUTRA by Vatsyayana. A manual of Hindu erotology, illustrated by Georges Pichard, appears in a new edition based on texts from the hand of Isidore Lisout, augmented with unreleased notes relating to the sexual physiology of Havel, bibliographer Poitvin. So far the technical information. The "Kama Sutra" or, as a more exact translation would demand, "Aphorisms on love" is in fact a treatise on rules of love, written in Sanskrit during the first or second century of our era by Mallinaga Vatsyayana. In spite of its undeniably erotic content, the work forms a part of Indian art and religious philosophy. Although the text has a didactic character and is actually meant to be a technical piece of work uniquely concerned with only one subject, the quest for sexual pleasure, "Kama Sutra" is interested in the pursuit of desire and ecstasy but to the extent that this desire is able to materialize in man and in its flesh, timeless in its imagery. "The desire was there in the first place, roaming above everything else. It existed already before the seed of thought" (Bhagavata Purana). The role of Pichard is outstanding: <<< il a fait appel à nos yeux et à notre mémoire où il fige la tradition orale dans le trait profond et il sait qu'il se caractérise parfaitement >>>. (éditions Dominique Leroy, available for 248 FF in the better book shops and at La Scarabée D'Or, Rue Mir Le Prince 61, 75008 Paris). *

COMIC STRIPS

L'ART EROTIQUE by Alex Varenne (text by Michel Nebenzahl). Although we are used to the superb drawings of Alex Varenne, I was surprised by this first album in full color. It is more than a comic strip, it is pure Art. The bodies captured by colors and lines and the splendid texts of Michel Nebenzahl transport you into a fantasy world full of images and imagination. Michel explains to us <<< "Domination and submission are all about provocation, switching roles, the player becoming the stake, instruments of pleasure and desire. And is there more? Submission and domination allow us to expose our sexuality, our image?..." >>>

I crack up! To buy, look, read with reverence and never forget. (éditions Abibi Michel, 22 Rue Huyghens, 75014 Paris. Price 200 FF/ 1200 FB, available in every good book shop.) ****

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

SM PHOTOGRAPHS? by Guy Lemaire. I have always admired Guy Lemaire. His creativity, presence, allure and provocation are those of an inspired artist. Nothing will stop him. He has profound ideas, he sees the world differently and nothing will stop him bringing to life what is on his mind. With his first album, Guy Lemaire has positioned himself among the top photographers and he will be talked about for a very long time. But this was not Guy Lemaire's primary goal. During his entire life, he was driven by the desire to photograph sadomasochism the way he saw it. A disciple of Joël-Peter Witkin, is he to become a new Claude Alexandre? No, for he is just simply Guy Lemaire. Bodies in all their splendor and the lighting effects used during his photographic sessions are magnificently reproduced in this album. It was a challenge for the editor Jaybird, and we can only hope for more projects like this one. The album of the decade! (Les éditions Jaybird, Rue Gœlquin 60, 1030 Brussels, Belgium. Available at Boutique Minuit, Brussels - Classic, Brussels - Darakan, Brussels - Les Larmes D'Eros, Paris - La Scarabée D'Or, Paris - Price: 315 FF/ 1700 FB) ****

MAGAZINES

CUL D'OR: a completely new magazine that focuses entirely on corporal punishment, better known as CP. This magazine, written in English, appeals to those who love spanking. It is of an exceptional quality, identical to Pleasure Bound, and I suspect that they have the same editor. Nice stories, small advertisements and typically English photographs form its principal contents. It is the best magazine on the subject. To discover: Cul D'Or, Olympia Publishing Ltd., 31 High Street, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, PO38 1RZ, UK. (Price: £12) ***

PIERCING WORLD, number 12: Three years ago, Pauline Clarke and a small group of friends started this piercing magazine. It offers you advice, a column by the specialist Sebastian and interviews accompanied by photographs in which the subjects proudly show their body jewellery, colour reports on exhibitions, and letters from readers. A very complete magazine. Write them with our regards, they are very sympathetic. P.A.U.K., 153 Tomkison Road, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, CV10 8DP, UK. (Price £4) **

UNGAWARN! 4: Decadent and slightly deranged, there is no magazine such as UNGAWARN! It specialises in everything strange: Vampirella, horror, freaks, cinema, culture, religion, cult, erotic literature... Special and strange. Something to discover. Price: £3. UNGAWARN! P.O. Box 1764, London NW6 2EQ, UK. **

DEPECHE MODE, number 55: We like the things Dépeche Mode does. They are progressive always searching for new discoveries, inform you on the latest "fashion" trends and sometimes publish highly fetishist photographs. All the important fashion designers are covered, and I is again Thierry Mugler who inspired me the most. At his most recent fashion show, we saw inanimate objects transformed into clothes, and this comes close to fetishism: motorcycle girls wearing strapless brassieres set with chrome taken from a Harley Davidson, elegant girls in latex fitting coats, and women wearing vinyl with imprinted cow skin patterns. Beautiful, isn't it? Widely available in kiosks and book shops all over Europe. (Price 175 FB/ 25 FF) ***

MACKINTOSH MAGAZINE: (winter 91) The club I.M.S. (International Mackintosh Society), founded in 1987, is a very popular English club attracting people interested in fetishist clothing, fetishism in general and Mackintosh raincoats in particular. Early on the club grew into an international organisation, and keeps in touch with its members through a quarterly magazine and mailbox service. Several times a year the club organizes meetings in a big hotel in London. During those weekends, you can participate at dinner parties, a fashion show, purchase clothes from English manufacturers and do lots of other interesting things. The magazine contains lots of letters from readers, remarks and some photographs. For more information write, quoting Secret Magazine to: I.M.S., P.O. Box 104, Dover, Kent, CT16 1XQ, UK. (price £3). **

EROS: This small magazine came to us from New Zealand, uncensored and essentially for swingers. Edited by Denis and Kops, it offers you explicit photographs, lots of small advertisements for swingers, the hotels, etc. What interested us most was that it also contains lots of advertisements on domination and submission, as well as some surprising addresses. EROS Magazine, P.O. Box 17, 360 Wellington, New Zealand. (Price 7\$) *

THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM: It is clear that the world of transvestites needs serious and capable people. Wigs, high heels, photographs of transvestites, small advertisements, letters from readers, reports and poems, all of this (and lots of other little things you should know when you are a transvestite heart and soul) can be found in this magazine. For £7, available at Swiss Publications Ltd., 47 Guildford St., London SE10 6ES, UK.

PUSSYCAT: After 25 years, Mr. Burton passed this title on to the company Back Box, who have just released their first issue. Large format, printed partly in black and white and partly in color, with recent photographs. A column "In Short", a video column, letters from readers, girls and boys dressed in leather and latex photographed in their kitchens, a nostalgia column, gas masks, stories, etc. A fetishist who likes Shiny is sure to love PUSSYCAT. Write them with the regards of Secret Magazine. PUSSYCAT, 52 Bermondsey Street, London Bridge, London, UK. (Price £8) ***

MACHO WOMEN: The weirdest of the magazines. Never seen before. Eva Brown is a body builder of incredible dimensions. She is the editor of Macho Women. Its motto is that men are useless except for serving as mops, and the female race is superior. All of this is explicitly photographed: men crushed between the legs of dominant women, women who fight against each other, etc. How could any submissive male resist such an eternal mistress, the real MACHO WOMAN, or fail to serve her with his body, mind, heart and soul? This magazine is incredible, and too much. EVA BROWN, P.O. Box 396, Nicholson, PA 16846, USA. (price 8US\$) *

EIDOS MAGAZINE: SEXUALLY LIBERATED AND PROUD! This is the latest title and slogan from Branda Tabetbaum, editor of the most provocative periodical in the USA. She fights the law, senators, organisations that ban sexual education at school, the STOP Porno movement, and many other powerful organisations that would like to see Eidos disappear. It is probably the only magazine that fights for the liberation of morality in the US, and I love it. Eidos Magazine, P.O. Box 96, Boston, MA 02137, US. (Price 10 US\$) ***

REPORTER: The only things I am sure of about this magazine are the following: it is Swedish, I don't understand a word of it, it is very well put together, and the focus is essentially gay. For our gay readers, here is their address: REPORTER, P.O. Box 170, 10123 Stockholm, Sweden. (Price: 30SEK) **

SCHLAGZEILEN: For me personally, this is probably the most serious SM magazine. It is entirely in German, it is in black and white, but what a creation. The photographs are wonderful, very refined and sincere. The texts are intelligent, which makes a nice change from the nonsense found in so many other fetish magazines. If your second language is German then this should be your second fetishist magazine. Write them with the regards of Secret Magazine and include 17DM for one issue, or even better, take a subscription for 60DM. You won't regret it! SCHLAGZEILEN, Postfach 305 352, 2000 Hamburg 36. ****



RUBBER GHOST N°1: THE CONJURATION

Color video, Shiny Films collection

Length: 37 minutes

Inside a sumptuous manor, a lovely and appetising maidservant welcomes, one by one, the "Spiritualist" guests of her mistress. The music is very well chosen, a bit like John Carpenter, ideally suited to the scene. It supports the female quartet as they indulge in an elegant ceremony, while touching and exploring the latex of their clothes, quickly creating an intensely fetishist atmosphere. After an excellent series of shots, with lighting effects and photography, the scenario brings the actresses together around a mysterious looking pedestal table. Then follows a session of spiritualism and incantations for "ELVIRA", a ghost that disappeared a long time ago. Throughout this magical trip, the camera brings us a harvest of very suggestive and exciting close-ups of the adored material of their clothes, as well as zoom shots focusing on the superb make-up. There are long sessions with the girls caressing themselves and each other in an erotic orgy of sensuality, masked by the divine rubber, and all this as a fetishist offering to the ghost ELVIRA. The atmosphere then becomes even more animated and erotic. The orgasms of the characters finally cause the ghostly form of ELVIRA to appear, with lots of special effects. Don't stop your tape yet because the images at the end of the film are a real treat for our fetishist eyes. (my rating: 9/10. Produced and directed by Jo Hammer)

RUBBER GHOST N°2: BIZARRE BREAKFAST

Color video, Shiny Films collection

Length: 37 minutes

The breakfast is so bizarre that they will never get to it! Starting off with a close-up of the high boots of our little maidservant, this time gloved in red latex, this video basically has the same scenario as "The Seance". The film is nevertheless highly recommended for those who like beautiful pictures, but above all for those who love the crumpling of latex. The story: While our servant sets the table to serve breakfast for the guests, she later "relax" in one of the many rooms of the manor. A wide-angle shot on the balls on the pool table... Rapidly the playroom is transformed into a fetishist boudoir in which a copulative scene is about to take place between two lucky rubber-loving people, right up to an orgasm, just to excite our eyes. In the library, another person whose opulent chest is covered by transparent latex invokes "Elvira" through the rustling of her undulating cape. The tinkling of a small bell... and the ladies meet for breakfast. Under the amused eyes of the maidservant, the breakfast is transformed, even before it actually starts, into a big fetishist parade in latex with frantic manipulations of the clothing material. Finally, in an obviously expedited magical atmosphere, they start a weird dance in a circle, calling up the ghost "Elvira", who appears in a least of latex clothing. The same remark as with rubber ghost no. 1 for the pictures at the end of the film. (my rating: 8/10; but 10/10 for the ending)

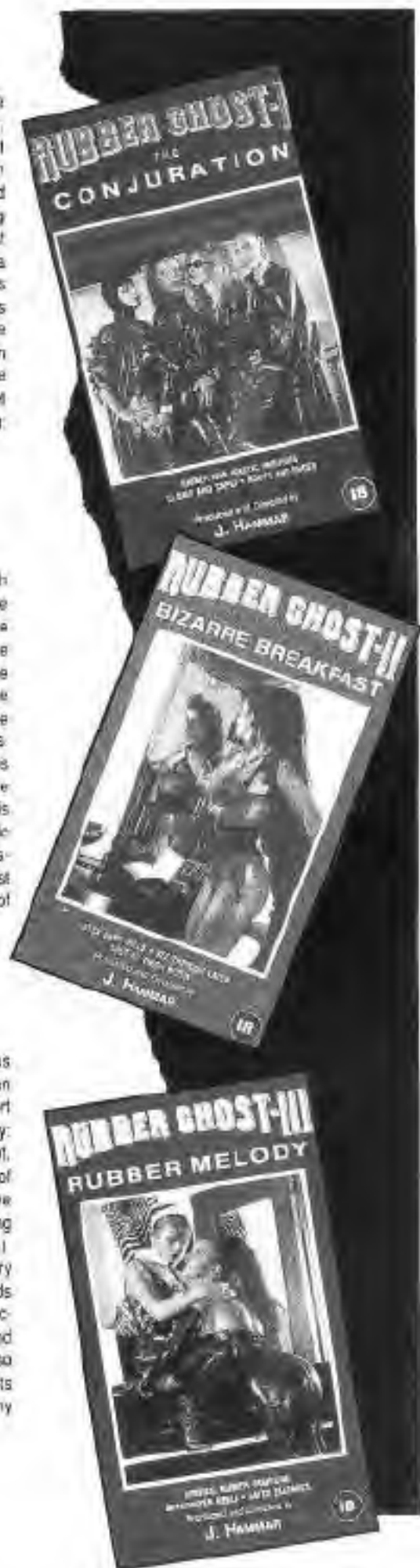
RUBBER GHOST N°3: RUBBER MELODY

Color video, Shiny Films collection

Length: 48 minutes

Along the same line as "Rubber Ghost" 1 and 2, we find ourselves again in the mysterious manor where "Elvira" once lived... On the road for a new adventure! With a certain impression of "a variation on the same theme", we rediscover our five fetishists, sometimes a little short of inspiration in the course of this third video on the veneration of the latex myth. The story: longer this time but singularly ephemeral, unfolds in a lounge where, miss maidservant, perhaps a little more tenacious now and rather sexy, is confronted with the preliminaries of piano playing. The arrival of her mistress begins fifteen minutes of very nice and suggestive shots, thanks to the numerous close-ups on the shiny material, but also thanks to the exciting noises provoked by the rustling of latex. (It makes us hungry to do the same thing...) Unfortunately, the scene is interrupted by the arrival of the three other characters, not very convincing this time. From that moment on, the quality of the film goes down towards mediocrity with interminable scenes of caressing sometimes interrupted by the unconvincingly ferocious attitude of the mistress and a feminine chorus of pining "oooohh..." and "aaahh...". We can still say that the film as a whole is saved by the first 15 minutes, but also by the very nice ending around the personage of "Elvira", and by the acknowledgments section at the tape. My preferences in the "Rubber Ghost" series: 1-2-3 (in this order) (my rating: 6/10; but 10/10 for the ending).

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LUC, THE RUBBER TRANSESTITE

What a joy to read my letter in your journal, to see my secret life revealed to all those readers really overwhelmed me. I was proud to be published. I won't repeat my desires here again, you will already know about them by now, I suppose. I will only add that I'm becoming increasingly ardent in my orientation towards "rubberism". I'm imposing on myself, as often and as long as possible, a punishment which consists of enclosing myself hermetically so that I become soaking wet in my clothes, without any chance for my perspiration to escape. To achieve this I wear a suit in black latex over a body made from the same material. Long gloves, a hood and a gas-mask. On top of this I still wear a jacket and trousers in transparent vinyl, and a pair of rubber riding boots. I have to admit that this is my favourite costume, and I like to wear it for hours (I leave you to imagine what state my body is in inside the suit. Only some "sanitary" needs force me to take it off, not without regrets though). Sometimes I also wear plastic waders that are high enough to cover my chest, and a long waterproof raincoat in vinyl over the top. Although the gas-mask seemed uncomfortable at first, I can now keep it on for several hours, in spite of the breathing difficulties that it causes me, especially during physical effort. I practice alone because I have a rather timid nature, but I'm beginning to want somebody to see me in my outfit. You have given me a superb present by publishing my letter, and this encourages me now to ask you a favour. I dream of posing for your magazine. I imagine myself in my costume of punishment in front of your photographer (a man or a woman for that matter, although I'm excited by the idea of exhibiting myself in front of a woman and her camera). Maybe you think that. Since I am a timid guy, my question is surprising. Indeed, that is true. But I have reached the point now that the publication of pictures that show what kind of fetishist I am, is a kind of fulfilment. I'll agree of course, if at least you'll give me the pleasure of accepting my request, a photographic session with any scenario you like, indoors or outdoors. I'm in Paris at the beginning of the week, and for the rest of the week I'm at home, near Maubeuge. I don't dare give you my address or telephone number because my wife wouldn't allow me to. If you would agree to photograph me (I hardly dare to think that you would refuse) just put a little notice in your next issue, style "OK Luc". I'll immediately send you a telephone number to let you make an appointment. If you would like me to do this, you can count on me, allow me this favor. Rubberish greetings.

Luc.

THE FEEL OF PLASTIC ON MY BARE SKIN

I wanted to buy myself a pair of pyjamas, so I entered a boutique. Why this particular one? Maybe because of the announcement saying "Goods for preservation and hygiene" that caught my eye. The inside of the shop was old, with wooden panelling and display cabinets filled with impressive corsets. Two ladies welcomed me, both about forty and tall, one of them, probably the patroness, with her hair in a knot. I asked for pyjamas, and the patroness told me that she had just received a number of new models in plastic. I was a bit surprised, but she immediately invited me to try one. She led me to a small cubicle and entered with me. I undressed completely apart from my pants, but she told me to take them off. I felt a bit strange, naked in front of the woman, who was staring at me with a small smile on her lips. I put on the pyjamas, trousers and a skirt made out of thick and solid pink plastic. The feel of the plastic on my naked skin was a new one for me, and as I went back into the shop the plastic crinkled noisily. I felt a bit ridiculous, but the patroness said that it looked very nice and I wouldn't be able to stain my sheets any more. I answered her that this was a positive point and she asked me whether I had nocturnal erections. I answered that this happened to me from time to time. With a little smile on her face she invited me to try a kind of belt, very effective against that kind of thing. Charmed by this beautiful woman and infatuated by the strange atmosphere of the shop I returned to the dressing-room. While I lowered my pyjamas, I touched the curtain at the back of the cubicle, and I thought I saw a large whip hanging on the wall. The patroness handed me over the belt, a kind of shell enclosing my penis and testicles, held in place by straps around my waist and between my legs. Perfect, said the patroness when she saw me, that's exactly what you need. Too puzzled to say anything sensible, I bought the pyjamas as well as the belt. The patroness told me to keep on wearing the belt in order to get into the habit. So I went home, and the belt felt rather comfortable. Once home I was able to examine it in more detail. It closed by means of two locks that were fixed onto the straps. I looked for keys but didn't find any. So I rang the shop and explained the problem. There was a short silence, and then the patroness calmly said "But we haven't forgotten them" and she continued "we are waiting for you". Then I understood.

Eduard, Paris.

THE BIG NOTHING

Dear friends of Secret Magazine, please let me, by means of your magazine, address a word to Désirée whose contribution you have published in a previous issue. Dear Désirée, I was completely overcome by your letter for the simple reason that I recognized myself in it. I sincerely hope not to shock you when I reveal what has been on my mind since I read your words. My own ultimate desire is to smile in front of the gaping opening of the barrel of a Magnum, to be an integral part of the engine, he and me with the same goal, the goal of shooting that bullet through my head, of ravaging everything that it encounters, of losing myself in the big nothing. Not to fear the detonation or the recoil, not to be frightened of them anymore, but to welcome them as a prolonging of my wishes and my inclinations. To be a friend of the gun, to submit myself to its merry after having offering it my own. In my desires, wanting to attain the end rather than looking for deliverance. To find in my disappearance the same joy as in my moments of intensive life. And, before caressing the trigger, to see in the hole that will announce my finality, the eyes of those who whipped me. Those who I wouldn't hesitate to disobey without fear, uniting myself with them afterwards in eternity. What joy it would bring me to provoke them beyond the terror of their own acts, to have them enter my head while I was already making my way in theirs, finally having them pass their own limits for each mine. I can hardly express in words the state of mind that is carrying me away, imagining that I would leave my body far away from me, flying away, carried by the wings of an angel, freeing my soul of its shades, enjoying a cosmic orgasm and instinctively understanding that when one is everything, one is nothing, or is it the other way around? I love to feel my tears pouring down in a steady flood, with a mixture of calmness and an intensity whose power goes beyond the pain I have experienced. What a marvellous way to become calm, through this perpetually renewed challenge like the notion of a pendulum. It is enough to stop it finally when its oscillation starts to weaken, in order to preserve its eternal character.

DESTRAAT, Belgium.



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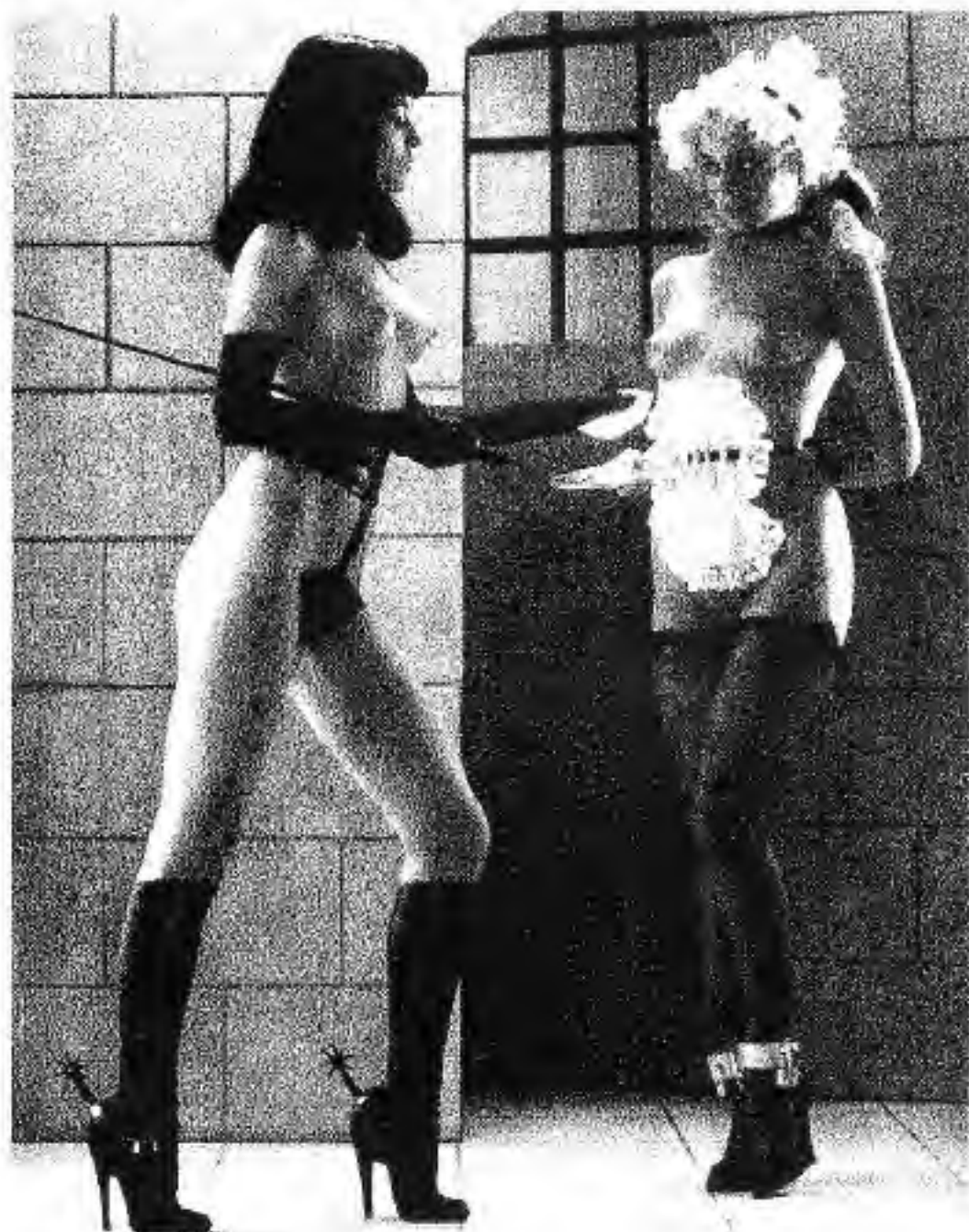
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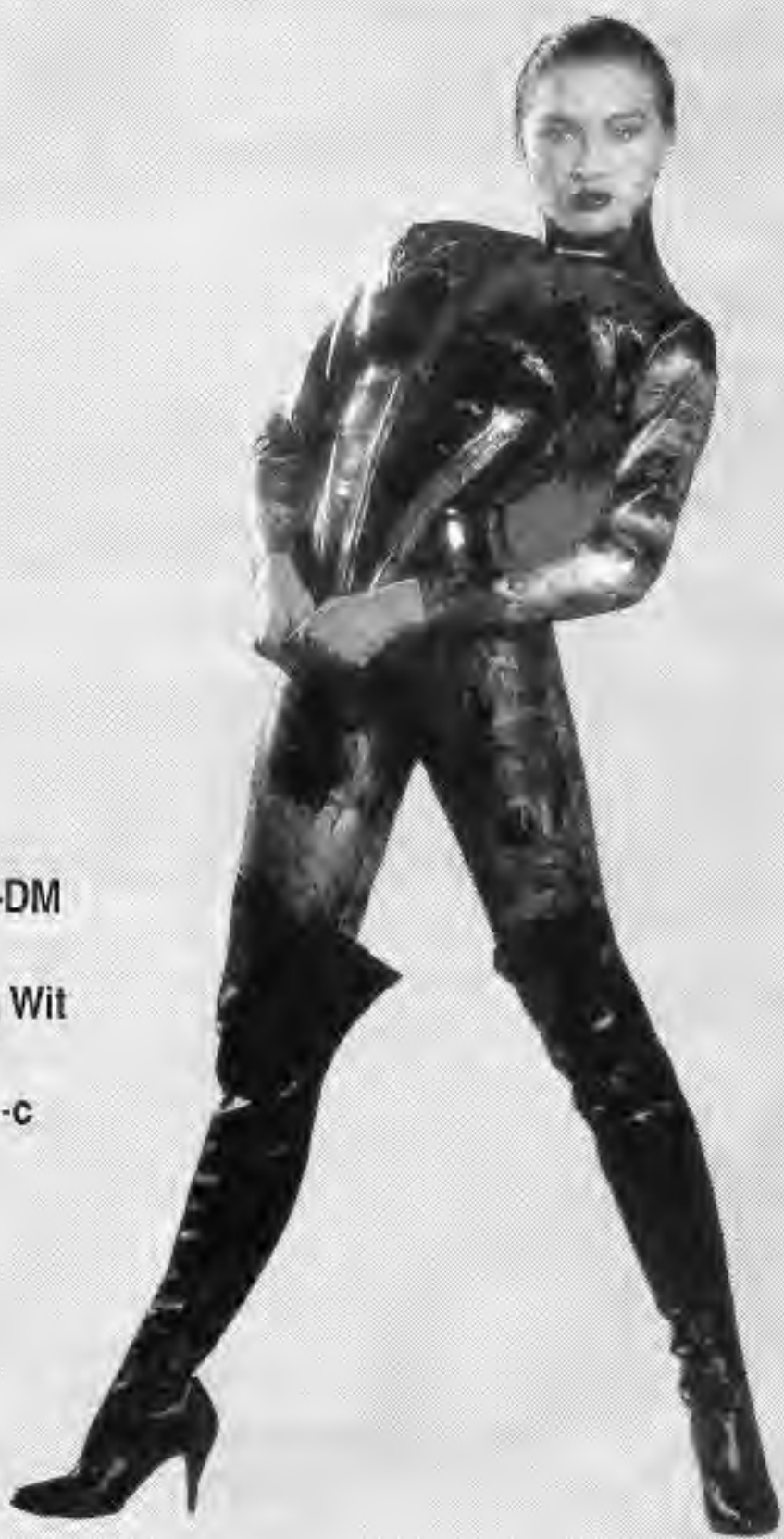
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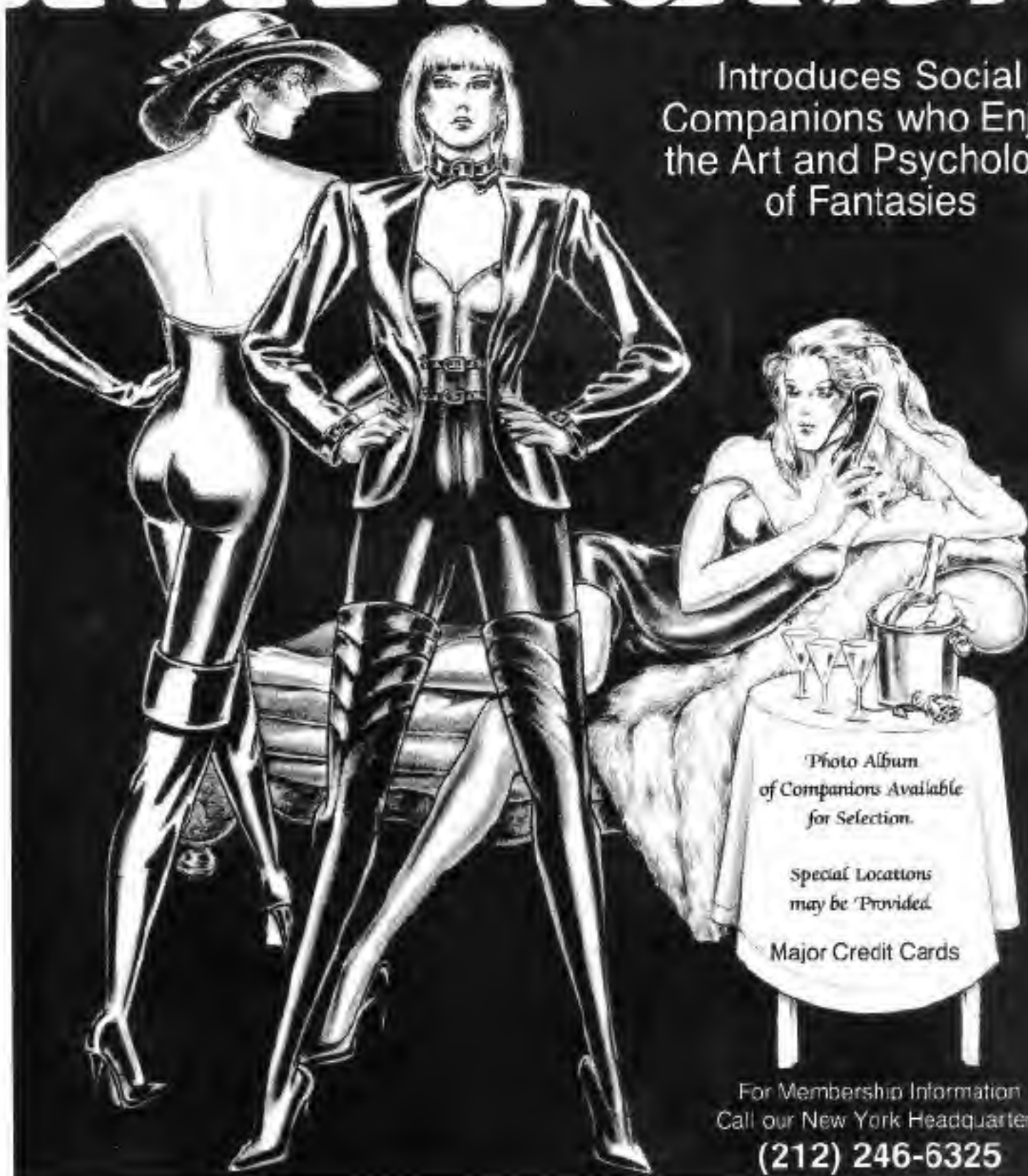
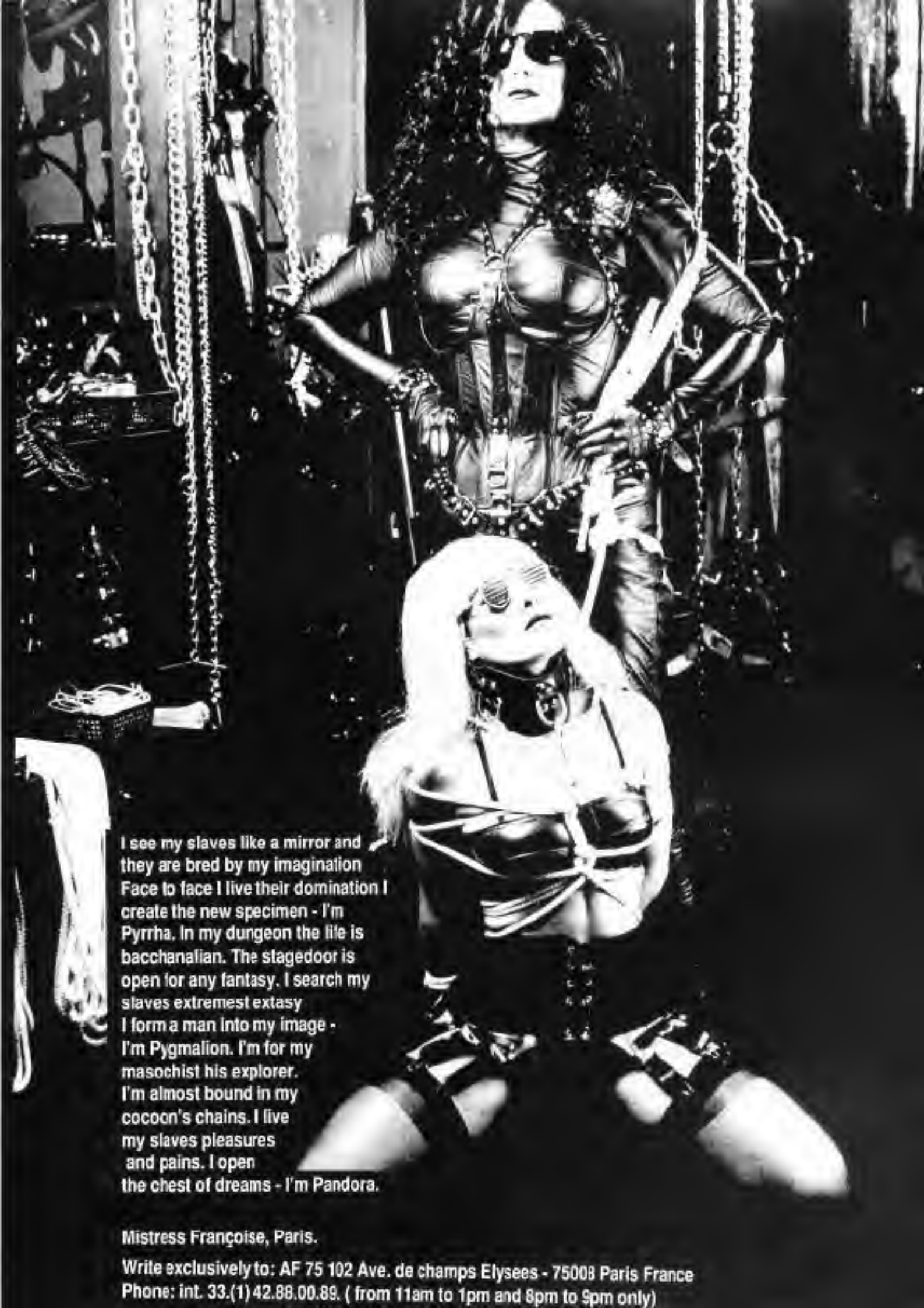


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